

# THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, 1

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

Proprietor.

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WHOLE NO. 613.

## TERMS.

Three Dollars for one year, in advance.  
Single copies, Ten Cents each.  
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Ten Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.  
A liberal deduction will be made to persons advertising for three, six, nine, or twelve months.  
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The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.  
No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.  
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No advertisement inserted gratuitously.  
Advertisements of an abusive nature will not be inserted at any price.  
Announcing candidates Five Dollars, to be paid in advance in every case.  
Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

## Temple of the Muses.

### SHE KISSED ME WHILE I SLEPT.

The sun flung his last faint golden beam  
O'er the room in which I lay,  
And my weary eyelids drooped, but the pain  
For a while drove rest away.  
But Nature's strength at last gave way,  
As closer the twilight crept.  
And I dreamed in my sleep a heavenly dream,  
That she kissed me while I slept.  
I dreamed that the fever had left my pulse,  
And I slept in health once more;  
I felt not the rocking, torturing pains,  
Which I had felt before.  
For an angel had come and cooled my brow,  
While over my sorrows she wept.  
Ah! I knew the touch, and I knew the lips  
That kissed me while I slept.  
I have seen them oft, wreathed into a smile,  
I have seen them curled in scorn,  
But the shade of displeasure I saw at eve  
Was replaced by the smile ere the dawn.  
Yes, I knew by the touch it was she whom I love,  
And her footfall, though careful she stepped,  
And I love her more that she came to my couch,  
And prest my lips as I slept.

### LOVE--WOMAN'S Chief Attraction.

BY LONGFELLOW.

What I most prize in woman  
Is her affection--not her intellect.  
Compare me with the great men of earth,  
What am I? Why a pigmy among giants!  
But if thou lovest--mark I say lovest--  
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!  
The world of affection is thy world--  
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness  
Which most becomes a woman--calm and holy,  
Thou sittest by the fireside of my heart,  
Feeding its flame. The element of fire  
Is pure. It cannot change its nature;  
But burns as brightly in a gipsy camp  
As in a palace hall.

### LOVE--A Kitten's Chief Attraction.

BY SHORTFELLOW.

What I most prize in kittens  
Is their affection--not their intellect.  
And if my kitten gently frisk,  
In the silken softness of her Maltese coat  
Dimly with my coming, content am I.  
No rivalry fear, and as I gently pat  
That furry head, and listening, bend to catch  
That half-suspected mew, I feel my greatness--  
A kitten's lord am I--and my soul rises  
In its grandeur, towering sublime!  
Compare me with the great men of earth--  
What am I? Why a pigmy among giants!  
But if thou, my kitten, lovest--mark I say lovest--  
The noblest woman on whose fair brow  
Intellect has set its seal excels thee not.  
The world of affection is thy world--  
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness  
Which most becomes a kitten, thou sittest  
Purring by the fireside of my heart,  
Winking at its bright flames. The element of fire  
Is pure. It cannot change its nature;  
But burns as brightly in a kitten's heart  
As in a woman's soul.

"What is that?" said the Sunday school teacher, pointing to the letter O.

"Dunno," said the urchin.

"What do you say when you stub your toe?"

"D--n it," was the blunt reply.

There is a negro in Philadelphia whose feet measure twenty-two inches in length. An exchange says it is supposed they will be used as the next Radical platform.

A man in Detroit advertises for a partner in the nursery business. A way, perhaps, of advertising for a wife.

## Recollections of the Times of GEN. ANDREW JACKSON.

No. Three.

### Dissolution of the Cabinet--Destruction of the Treasury Building.

General Jackson was at times exceedingly impetuous. If the affairs of the state worked well, he was easy and happy, and could be approached by any one, with the same freedom that was extended to a less distinguished personage, or to any every-day, well-bred gentleman. But, if the wheels of the government rolled over a rugged pathway, he was not to be annoyed by ill-timed and impertinent visits from any one. His friendship was never withdrawn from those who had served him; and, if necessary, he always stood ready to share his last shilling with those who had at any period of his wonderful career, awarded to him an act that he believed had been prompted by disinterested kindness. He was irritable,

"Lofly and sour, to those that loved him not,  
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."  
With the members of his Cabinet he was familiar, yet dignified, and, when he called them to consult with him, he endeavored to relieve them from all restraint and embarrassment, and obtain, if possible, their candid and unprejudiced opinions. If he coincided with them, it was well; but it was not well, if any one of his Ministers attempted to thwart his purposes. This fact was abundantly proved, in the year 1831, when he dismissed his whole Ministry, because it had gone into a feud, growing out of a point of controversy, which involved the happiness of Mrs. John H. Eaton, originally Miss O'Neal, afterwards, prior to her marriage with Major Eaton, the celebrated Mrs. Timberlake.

This celebrated lady, and she was equally celebrated for her intellectual endowments and personal beauty, had been subjected to the scandal of the Sir Benjamin Backbiters and Mrs. Candors of the Capitol; and an attempt had been made, by Mrs. John C. Calhoun, to interdict her entrance to the refined circles of Washington. Maj. Eaton, the husband of the lady, was Secretary of the War Department at the time; he had been for many years the friend and confidant of Gen. Jackson--he was the author of his biography; and the venerable soldier entertained for him the most profound respect, admiration, and friendship.

The attempt to taboo Mrs. Eaton, soon reached the ears of General Jackson, and like an honorable, high-minded, and gallant man, he espoused the cause of the lady. He knew that she had been foully aspersed, and was determined that she should not stand undefended. Without assuming the right of interfering with the domestic affairs of any one, he introduced the subject informally to his Cabinet, and urged the propriety, if not the necessity, of its being on friendly terms in its domestic associations; and expressed an earnest hope that the lady of the Secretary of War, would thereafter be regarded and received into the ministerial circles.

Mr. Calhoun, who was at that time Vice President of the United States, had been taken into the Cabinet, contrary to previous usage; and had succeeded in infusing a spirit of discontent into the bosom of Mr. Samuel D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania, who was Secretary of the Treasury; and that eminent man, regarding the disposition the President had manifested, as an injudicious act, signified at once, that he could not comply with his wishes, or permit any one

to intimate or suggest what society should be introduced to his family.

Mr. Van Buren, who was Secretary of State, escaped all interference with the feud; but Mr. Branch of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Berrien, the Attorney General, took an active part in the controversy, and were anti-Eatonian.

The affair had now arrived at a pass that rendered it exceedingly offensive to all parties; and, as must be readily perceived, was the means of introducing disquietude and discontent to the Cabinet councils; for what could be more awkward than the assembling of six statesmen, to discuss grave and important questions of State, whilst they bore toward each other, in consequence of their private relations, the worst possible feeling and temper!

General Jackson remained steadfast, the friend and defender of Mrs. Eaton and her husband. He was not to be diverted from his purpose; and finding at last, that the feud could not and would not be reconciled, made up his mind that he would bring his Cabinet difficulties to a summary conclusion. Without pausing for further and unnecessary consideration, he addressed a letter to each of his Ministers, informing them that it was indispensable, that his Cabinet should be "as an unit;" that no administration could ever succeed, that was distracted by discordant councils and councillors; and, in effect, if not in substance, demanded that each and all should, without delay, resign their seals of office.

Mr. Eaton, Secretary of War, resigned at once, and was provided with the Mission to the Court of Madrid; Mr. Van Buren retired from the Department of State, and was sent to the Court of St. James; but Mr. Branch and Mr. Ingham could not exactly see why it was necessary for them to go out of office, because Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Berrien had retired; and both intimating that they would hold their places, and continue to serve their country! Mr. Ingham was especially eloquent, and argumentative on this subject. The office of Secretary of the Treasury was one that he very much admired; and, he deemed himself well qualified for the discharge of its duties; and why could it be necessary for him to resign, because Mr. Van Buren, Major Eaton, and the rest had furnished him a precedent, was a problem that passed his comprehension. In a word, that usually very able man, pretty plainly intimating that he would not resign; when in turn, he was instantly informed that his successor had already been selected!

Mr. Ingham had now but one alternative--to resign, or be dismissed in disgrace; and thereupon arose a question, foolish enough in itself, in all conscience--of the power of a President to dismiss his Ministry! It was gravely argued by the opposition that he possessed no such power; and that whilst, as a matter of courtesy, it is the custom of a Ministry, on either side of the British Channel, to resign whenever it finds itself in a minority in Parliament, there was not in this country any power vested in the Executive to justify him in dissolving his Cabinet!

The argument did not avail with General Jackson;--it was an absurdity, in his estimation, not to be contemplated or considered; and the lapse of a few days brought forth the resignations of Messrs. Ingham and Branch; and the Executive speedily had a new and fresh Cabinet.

Everything went on quite smoothly for a long time. The new Cabinet was composed of material that could be fashioned as necessity might dictate; but the war with the bank of the United States and Nicholas Biddle was

being waged with redoubled violence and acrimony, when a calamity occurred that, for months and months, destroyed the repose of the President. It had been charged time and again, that if the public could but obtain access to the archives of the Treasury Department, astounding disclosures of official peculation, bribery and corruption, and all kinds of iniquity, would be brought to light, and subject the President to impeachment.

Whilst allegations and charges like these were daily fulminated by the press, the Treasury Building took fire, and the larger portion of its contents were destroyed!

Never was accident, or incident, or catastrophe, more inopportune introduced. It verified, as the opposition said, the charges of the press; and they did not hesitate to assert that Gen. Jackson had employed the hand of a mercenary incendiary, to apply the torch to the edifice, with the hope that the evidence of his guilt would be destroyed. Such was the madness of party! And, strange as it may seem, incredible as it may appear, it is a historical fact not to be denied, that whilst the Treasury Building was falling before the multitude thousands stood by and refused to assist in rescuing the common property of the people! So far were they from lending any assistance, that they stood still, gazed complacently on the scene, and rejoiced over a calamity that ruined thousands who had claims, and just and honorable ones too, on the Government! At the time this catastrophe occurred, there was in the whole city of Washington but a single fire engine; and, even that was in a state of almost utter dilapidation. It belonged to the Executive Mansion; had for years been lying idle in a barn, and, when brought into action, was incapable of execution. An effort was made to work it by some half a dozen subordinates of the Government, who cared but very little about the matter, but who most probably rejoiced at the bonfire that was making sad havoc with the archives of the Republic.

At the time that the fire took place, Gen. Jackson was absent, but soon returned, and ordered a most thorough investigation to be made into the affair. He avowed then, as he ever did, till the day of his death, that the Treasury Buildings were destroyed by a hired incendiary, and more than intimated that that incendiary was paid by the Bank of the United States. I did not then, nor do I now believe that there was the shadow of a shade for the foundation of the suspicion the old hero indulged. There might have been a motive for such an act on the part of the Bank; but, who that ever knew the late Mr. Nicholas Biddle, the President of that Institution, or who that has any knowledge of the gentlemen who were the directors of that most badly managed, and ultimately unfortunate and misdirected Bank, will so forget what is due to the memory of the illustrious dead, or to the reputation of the living, as to believe that the one or the other could have been guilty of the monstrous crime that Party Rancor intimated had been perpetrated through their agency or instrumentality!

Mr. Nicholas Biddle I had the honor of knowing well; and, although I never was of opinion that a National Bank was desirable, or that the late Bank of the United States did any good; notwithstanding, I always thought that Mr. Biddle was over-estimated as a financier and always believed that his management of the Bank was bad, I never doubted the spotlessness of his integrity, or the purity of his intentions. Whilst he managed to keep the Bank above water, and possessed the means of dispensing favor, and

of loaning money, he was applauded to the echo by fawning sycophants, and a servile press; but the instant darkness and gloom, and misfortune pressed upon him, and the Bank was compelled to confess its poverty, but not its crimes, he was deserted by his sunshine friends--by the sycophantic, twaddling mercenary crowd, who had lived and fattened on his bounty.

In his time of need and of might, the Money-King of the age whom these wretches had eulogized and flattered, and caressed, was abandoned to an unmerited fate--his character was traduced, his talents were derided, his virtues denied; and the remnant of that life which he had devoted to what he believed to be the best interests of the commerce of the country, was embittered by contumely, and cold and bloodless ingratitude.

Amid poverty, if not amid want, he closed his days, and left no inheritance for his offspring but what consisted in the almost valueless walls and grounds of his once splendid villa of Andalusia.

And, is it to be imagined that Nicholas Biddle, if he had been a knave and a swindler, as he was ultimately accused of being, would have failed when he possessed the control of millions, of placing at his own disposal enough of the goods of this world to render himself beyond the approach of haggard hunger, and secure to his family fortune and independence! He died unattended by any of the thousands who had realized his bountiful munificence; and now sleeps the sleep of death on the banks of the Delaware; and is lulled to eternal repose by the gurgling of its waters. Peace! peace!

"--forever and aye!"  
to his ashes! And may God forgive and pardon his enemies and the revilers of his memory.

I do not think that General Jackson ever sincerely believed that the destruction of the Treasury Buildings; but there was at that time an individual about him who made it his study to impress such a belief on his mind, and to a certain extent, it is possible that he was successful. That individual is now dead; his follies, his iniquities, and his errors rest with him, and I am not disposed to "draw his frailties from their dread abode."

No incident in the life of General Andrew Jackson ever gave him so much anxiety, pain and mortification as this did. He lost all his patience, reflection, or consideration when it presented itself. He raved and swore,--denounced the opposition as a band of pirates, murderers and assassins;--charged everybody who had any concern with the Treasury or Treasury Buildings, with neglect of duty; and sometimes quarreled with his Cabinet about the matter. His rage was probably increased in a ten-fold degree by the opposition press, that daily wrung it in his ears by innuendo or strong intimation that he had employed the hand of the incendiary to destroy the National records, for the sole purpose of hiding from the world the evidences of the guilt and the infamy of his administration.

The confusion, loss, and wrong the destruction of the Treasury inflicted on estimable claimants, the sole evidences of the legitimacy of whose claims were deposited in many instances in the Treasury Buildings, was incalculable. In one instance to my knowledge, the hopes of an entire family were annihilated, because most, if not all of the proofs of their right of indemnity on the Government of the United States, were from a foreign source, and furnished by Poland,--by a Government that no longer existed, and consequently duplicates were not attainable. General Jackson always said that the incendiary who applied

the match to the Treasury Buildings would finally be detected; and two years after he yielded the "Royal Mace" to Mr. Van Buren, two men were arrested, charged with the crime; and one of them, though he was convicted, was subsequently pardoned, because it was ascertained that he was guiltless, and had been condemned on perjured evidence. This was the most extraordinary and wonderful part of the Treasury Building affair; and the amount of crime and villainy it developed, staggers human credulity. Neither time nor space will admit of my relating the history of this last and most extraordinary incident in the history of the times of General Jackson; and therefore, must defer it to be embodied in another number of these papers. In the meantime, and in advance of the unpublished history, and the denouement of individual and official crime--contemplating as I do, what may yet characterize the action of subsequent administrations, I look back to the corrupt times of the "Tudors," and am tempted to quote, as not inapplicable to ultimate events, the ejaculatory imprecations of the Fourth English Harry!

"Up vanity!  
Down Royal State! all you sage counsellors  
hence!  
And to the English Court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness.  
Now nightier confines purge you of your scum;  
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins, the newest kind of ways!  
Be happy, he will bother you no more,  
England shall double-gild his treble guilt;  
England shall give him office, honor, might,  
For the fifth Harry from cur'd license plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent."

### THE HOOPED SKIRT AND BAPTISM.

At Detroit last week a rather amusing scene took place during the baptism of a young lady by the pastor of the Tabernacle. The minister requested her to assume the dress peculiar to such occasions, but she declined to take off her hoop skirt. The minister told her of the inconvenience that would result from her obstinacy, but like a true female she persisted; but when she came to descend into the bath the inflated skirt touched the water, and rose up around her like a balloon. Her head was lost to the congregation; she was swallowed up in the swelling-skin. The minister then tried to force her down into the bath, but she was kept above the surface by the floating properties of crinoline, and was buoyed up so successfully that it was not until after much difficulty, and many forcible attempts to submerge the lady, that the minister succeeded in baptizing the fair one. Finally it was effected, to the relief of the minister and seriously inclined audience, who could not keep from chuckling in their sleeves and laughing in their pocket handkerchiefs.

A correspondent gives the following recipe for scratches in horses, which he has tried on many horses for several years, and never failed in an immediate cure: Take a shovel of hot ashes (wood ashes), and throw them under the fetlocks and above the hoof, the part always first affected. If the horse be badly off with them, raise the foot and pour them on, dropping the foot directly. In two hours the horse will move with ease to himself, however stiff he may have been. The disease is immediately cured by the application. The cracks in the skin require a few days to heal.

A young woman was recently arrested in Lockport, New York, for being disguised in men's clothing. She was twenty-one years of age, and had dressed thus for some two years, because she could thereby obtain higher wages. The justice sentenced her to the city jail for three months.

### The End of a Gambler.

Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating which refers to a Mr. Porter, a gentleman who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard in twelve months. According to the story told of this madman--for we can call him nothing else--when he had just completed the loss of his last acre, at a gambling house in London, and was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into a carriage to convey him home to his house in town, he resolved upon having one more throw to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with, should give him one chance of recovering or fight with him.

His proposition was this: That his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate and furniture--in short, all he had left in the world, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and he thrown at one single cast. No persuasion could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw, and lost; then, conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without house or home, or any one creditable means of support. Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper in a livery stable.

In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessities. He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming house and increased them to fifty. He then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with his former associates, and won £20,000. Returning the next night he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject penury, died a beggar in St. Giles.

HIS LAST SHIRT.--A few weeks after a late marriage, the husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of a washing. He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled a fire. When hanging on a kettle he made a noise on purpose to arouse his easy wife. She immediately peeped over at him, and then exclaimed: "My dear, what are you doing?" He deliberately responded, "I've put on my last clean shirt, and I am going to wash one now for myself!" "Very well," replied Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me, too!"

MARRIED.--At Pecks' Land, Fairfield county, Connecticut, by Rev. John Peck, Mr. Jared Peck and Miss Julia Peck, daughter of William Peck, Esq.

Kind heaven permit no cure to vex,  
Nor troubles more than usual,  
And bless the nuptial couch with Pecks  
Enough to make a husband.

Among the proceedings of the Ohio Sunday School Convention we find the following resolution: Resolved, That a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath school.

It is stated that there are not less than \$100,000 in counterfeit greenbacks in the county of Grayson, Va. They are of the denomination of \$50's and \$20's.